

20.0g nation six dog

Dylan Harris



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nation six dog**

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Potato Press

Some of these poems have appeared in *Envoi* and *Orbis*. Thanks to Kit Fryatt for the comments. “Gnorts” was stolen from the net.

by Dylan Harris

4 anticipating the metaverse, 3 nation six dog, 2 discard

chapbooks

20.0: *v* the dead cat blues, *u* bremen, *t* autumn, *s* mechelen, *r* dye-de-ho, *q* antwerp, *p* tension nitro ego, *o* church is dangerous vital, *n* tin rush, *m* the A rush, *l* an engineering rush (ii), *k* Miss Demeanour, *j* flock state, *i* be infinity, *h* Namings, *g* nation six dog, *f* uncivil law, *e* dead write, *d* chase chase, *c* an engineering rush (i), *b* a much for we, *a* The Joy Of Tax

19.9: *c* Inn, *b* Swoop, *a* An Ode To The A14

19.8: *c* Rose, *b* Hymnen, *a* Darmstadt

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Recitals of some of these poems may be found online

Poems

Don't Understand

Water

northumberland

nation six dog

Regrow

green

in cynic adverati

Fugues

Pop Fugues

easter sunday

At Buckfast Abbey

when the trains first came

Before The Bush War

Don't Understand

This poem was inspired by the manifesto of The Revolutionary Front For The Liberation Of Macclesfield, whose sole terrorist attraction was the killing, by drop kicking, of two Yorkshire Terriers.

Geologists cannot explain the seam of tin ore which London Transport were shocked to discover under the Thames in the 1950s—now exploited by the famous Greenwich Tin Mine. The scientific consensus is that it got there by magic.

“Well OK”, I thought, “if she’s imagined some girlfriends for me, and got herself jealous of them, I’ll ask her out”. Her “no” was playful, but *so* proud.

If you are worried how to politely say hello when abducted by a UFO, remember the letters in the pseudonym “Neil Armstrong”, written backwards, spell the popular greeting “Gnorts, Mr. Alien”.

Water

The Anger Of Water

Through the netting
I watched the physician,
resigned, prescribing.

He stopped writing,
looked out.
Shock drained him.

The sea had gone.
Death was arriving
two weeks early.

He fled, alone,
as though he could save
himself.

Three Flawed

I just can't suss
that life guard.

I gets his
gorgeous hands
on me.

OK,
so I have to squirm
so he puts 'em
just right.

He gets to rescue
a beautiful girl,
namely me.

He takes me
all the way
to the edge
of the pool.

So strong,
so masterful.

So why's he irate
when he finds
I faked it?

Viaduct

Where, once, the railway was embanked
a field of cabbage now extends.

But every hundred paces, brick supports,
the width of all four railway tracks, arise.

Look up to see, across the cloud,
cables for the rails, and cables for the power.

No trains.

No birds.

No wind.

The Mere Of Ice

The morning's walk repair
is stone-in-shoe disturbed
at the cool wind glade:

high contrast light
rushed dark leaves
flashed sun.

The rain worn paper notice,
on the silver slatted shutter-down kiosk
commands us to walk the mere of ice,

blind white
blotching pools
slow earth.

But I know it will fail my doubt;
I take the grass and boulder soaring path,
walking up the double-bended valley,

watching down
on faith belief
crash-drown.

northumberland

weight heavy grey age stone
thick walled hunch house villages
nurturers of pre england

a norfolk tornado marred flew to kuwait
a land air missile huntress counted the well worn expected four
got five friend or destroy
no cancel no wait no time you choose

your child is here
you choose

the navigators funeral
the rite shockhearted coarse grief paused
four tornadoes flew steam low
black crescendo
steam low

*one but one but one rose one rose one rose up rose up up cloud up
high cloud up high up high up beyond up beyond beyond beyond
vision up beyond vision beyond vision vision*

grief heavy grey death stone
thick hunch walled silent villages
nurture post war numb

nation six dog

dog
dog dog
dog dog dog
sex mate

dog
dog dog
dog dog dog
food

dog
dog dog
dog dog dog
nurture

dog
dog dog
dog dog dog
place

you tell me
cunt
what i need

you tell me
im not allowed
my know

Regrow

Manifesto

Radio's the better picture;
poetry, the better bulk.

Sporten see und breaken life,
autumn hunt and winter pray,
druggen up und drunken strife;
yesterday, you date today.

So push pop the lingo, lad.

Father

This vid's got me, all lank and lad, sans clue.
So cold, it's thirty years the past, before
the desktop factory. We farmers grew
the nourish people ate. Beyond that door
I'm mocking at, our cows and corn were store
for slaughter. Oh, stupid kit, why curse me why?
Back then, for us to live, they had to die.

Son

You dange in life: when this I stark, you stet.
If dad you'd die, I'd saunt; but hurt mum get.
You sneer my am. The proud Dad joust you won't;
by theorem live at black you do, and don't
concede in ooze and grey I life believe.
Sad simpling. I rattéd jump long eve
ago; to enge I learned. You neighbour bad,
too ego proud, so sure, the acme prat.
But sod; for mum I could not lie your death.
A God of hacking times, electric breath
in life, I am. Your glimpse, I snatch; your fade,
I steal; my viral valkyrie invade,
corrupting, swanning back. You'll only know
on die; in wetware crack, I'll you regrow.

Program

If torn is body space
the spy, a thread;
if form implied
scout, report, enact.

If nano techno hit
defence, all set;
a net alert, a squirt.

If failure stats predict
the head, the heart, a scan;
to quantum store, a stream.

If body space, too much, is scythe;
to net, the store, a duplicate;
his be with this, an integrate;
chaotic life, awake.

green

us—we walked—we walked—we—the—green
the—mow—neat bowl—neat long—sun—green
sunshine august town—park—green

see—she short—model light—touch—she
summer—dress dance—walk tall—me—she
twenty—eight actress soft—speak—she

“happy—script daft—script television—tale
super—sigh nordic—spy idiotic—tale
cash—strong series—long career—good—tale

stupid—press drunken—press i—really—can’t—believe
press—release mock—piece why—do—they—believe
satire—true fun—too the—idiots—believe

see—them far across that chain traffic road
cameramen journalists crocodiles—all
meet—me mock—me mac—the—muck

believe—me sure—me the—princess—north
gloom—haunted gleam—haunting glamour—haunting—down
a—minister in—ministry the—minister—of—war

and my producer grins
his stephen twigg grin”

in cynic adverati

the social lace of now has ants of sell
who work to place a toil in user hands
to tear a burst of cash and if a tell
reports a rush of sell is not or stands
are down the nice day fake of cheer decide
to push the sump with press upon the eyes
to shout the anthems of their ware in lied
and platted tune because they advertise
their silvers worn to want we users sarc
amongst ourselves the namings of desire
when invocations made are met we lark
a ware for get if sellers need of hire
the cheery shouting prats its clear the wrap
they shout about is dreadful very crap

Fugues

deer are stupid beasts
they run out in front of

go man go
man go man

im not a cannibal
i dont eat animal

right
what am i going to do
now
im going to do

i like to try
i cant deny

race the fear
clinkity clink
(for the Dailies Mail and Express)

Pop Fugues

for Guy Fawkes
bang bang flash

for The Dread Noughts
bling bling flash

for Global Warming
bang bang splash

for Bohemians
dom domme clash

easter sunday

this easter day recalls
my youth me sun days
all shut

id end intensity work exhausted free day
sleep recovery saturn day
be anger bored by empty christianity null sun day

singing self fresh alert desiring cuisine invent
i could not shop graze ingredient
that art killed by religions nil

i dont force death belief narcotic on random neighbours
just because our ancestors fought
thank god thatcher broke closed shop sun day

At Buckfast Abbey

The monk, having seriously exercised his respect for Glasgow's wine, abstracted my queries regarding his life's order.

The ankle-low lamps coasted straight and narrow paths, giving the weak evening mist a siren's glamour.

A burglar alarm worried from chaotic directions; our movement let the monastery buildings dance the echoed panic.

In darkness brushed by nightfall's husk, the monks chanted like drill-men ritually thanking the Minister of Transport.

My fresh eyes were captivated by their Sunday chore, a ritual with incense, a sparkle in Latin.

when the trains first came

verdant land life more than seen elsewhere
somewhere birds flute their rapid haunt
flower aroma allergy fresh
their words names i used to know

these the last trudging heavy miles
walking home from thirty years adventure
ive fought built won lost the lot
all i have is god and memory

i stop inhale the edge the ancient estate
the childhood familiar buildèd hills
wild life recreated raced replaced
old monster trees lost forgotten

the real change is human made felt
people live more smoke mechanical
cities rip a rush run panic
dreary no stranger charmchat

ive found lifes guide doubts fey
no mock threat manipulation no selfish abuse
this holy book unwraps the world
all described dissected diagnosed

see find somewhere hidden symbols
discover compulsion underneath
no need for sinners understanding
the book tells judges i retribute

here shafts stonestill shock me
these tors these childhood joke and tumble hills
these history halls rent by satan
hades sulfic smoke rises

vents bricked dug to hell
risen fumes drift sins infection
i see entry horizontal distant
a road descent weak to hells mine

ill walk casts gods light
face rent the conjurers challenge
follow grounded iron rods of sinner doom
laid to guide me their hopeless

i crunch walk dark echo
the beast squeals knows me here
it comes roars i stand immortal
halt i shout a man of god is stood

Before The Bush War

Bush War, the next generation:
I'm ambivalent.

The arguments:
none arouse me.

Half the US army
unable to transverse Turkey:
unexciting.

America adventurous;
Britain ambitious;
France French:
dull.

Enough.
The sun rises.
I watch.

